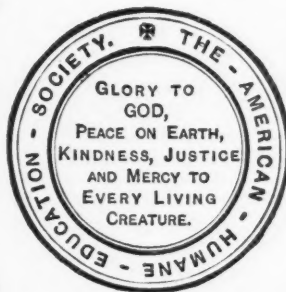


Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered.

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
 "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



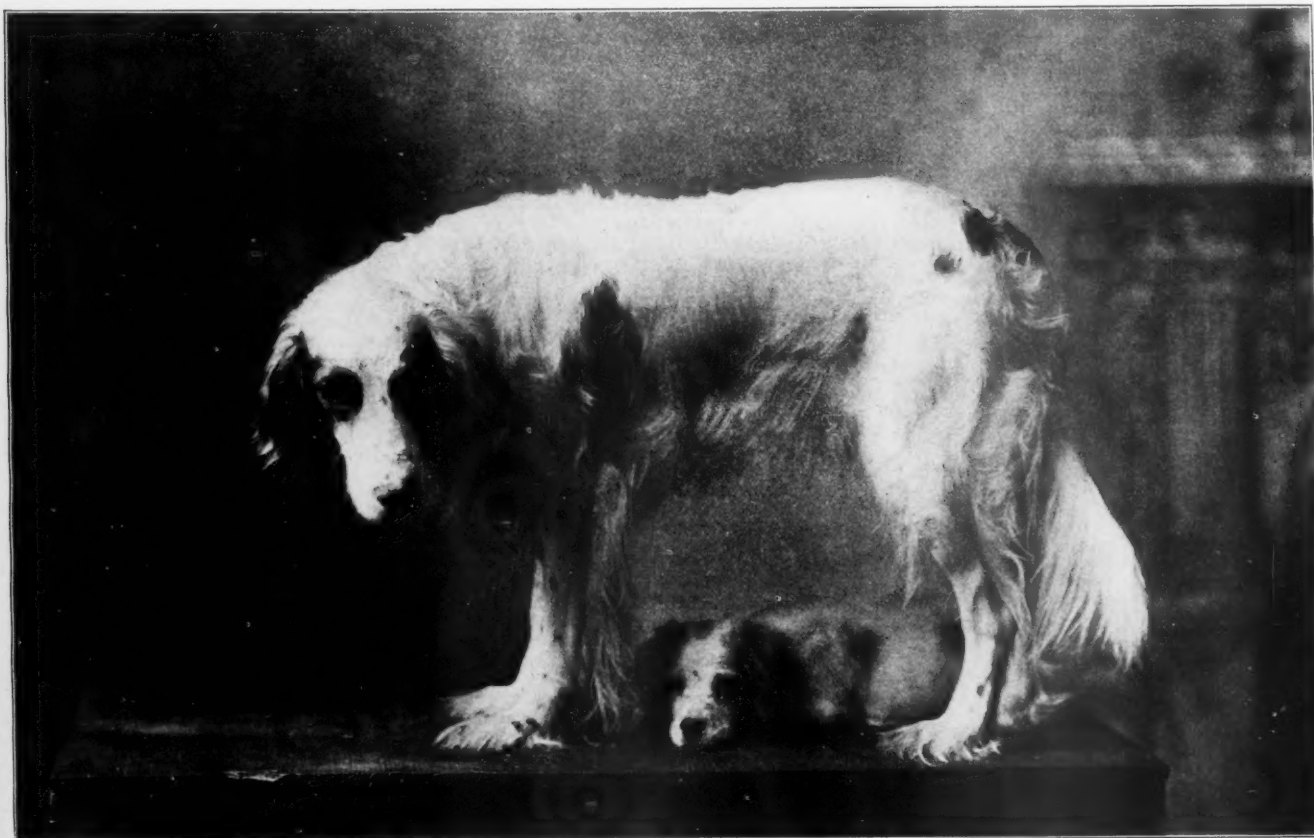
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 44

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No. 6



LLEWELYN SETTERS

Photograph by T. E. Marr & Son, Boston

By Dr. JAMES A. B. SCHERER, President of Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal.

THE NEW HUMANISM

Extract from Address Delivered before American Humane Association

The education for which your Association stands implies and includes hospitals, asylums, Red Cross societies and peace leagues, because the distillation of human sympathy cannot reach this lowly ultimate bed of sentient helplessness without first filtering through the strata of all the nearer needs. Your Society is entitled to its appropriation of the noble and suggestive word "humane."

This word in its origin is a mere doublet of "human." For a long time the two words were pronounced exactly alike, and meant exactly the same thing: human. But as the essential quality of humanity drew on to its prime and became intensified with the advance of civilization, so the longer of the two words took on an intensified meaning and came to signify the active quality of humanity, the very essence or the "milk of human kindness."

Having myself resided for five years in the Far East, I have been asked to give you in passing the result of my own observation of the humane-ness of Buddhism.

There can be no question concerning the doctrine. To this is largely due the vegetarianism of the Japanese, animal life being held as too sacred, even, for the propagation of life.

In spite of the teachings of Buddhism one finds in Buddhist countries today the most abounding and revolting cruelty to animals, as well as indifference to human suffering. I believe that while Buddhism has been of incalculable benefit to Japan in many directions, it has not accomplished a positive humaneness in actual practice, which is the only point at issue. It was too passive.

The older humanism was a turning away from the medieval dogmas of divinity, the *literae divinae*, to the concerns of men, the *literae humaniores*. It came with the vast insurgence known as the Renaissance, which turned the page of modern history. Intellectually this was one of the most brilliant periods in human annals, but ethically it was one of the most benighted; for the history of civilization has often proved that revivals of learning can coexist with decadence in morals. It was an age of intrigue and unfathomable cruelty. The culture of the period, and all its interests, were self-centered and egoistic and arrogant. But now a new humanism has come, and is going forward to its completion; a humanism that is humane. The realities of a rest-

lessly active religion touch the sensibilities of men into loving sympathy for one another and for all of God's creatures. As Stanley Hall says: "Intellect makes a man individual; feeling makes him universal." And the glory of our new humanism is that it teaches us to feel, and consequently to think and to act for the welfare of the whole. Not Rodrigo Borgia nor Lorenzo the Magnificent, but Florence Nightingale, Father Damien, Jean de Bloch, Rose Hawthorne, Jane Addams, the Red Cross nurses, and the Little Sisters of the Poor—these are the patrons of our new humanism, together with those statesmen in every land who are rising for the defense of humanity against oppression and oligarchic greed.

Your Humane Association has helped forward this new humanism mightily, and will still propel it towards its consummation. Having taught men to be gentle and fair and just even to the feathered and the furry tribes that know us as their god, it cannot be but that your influence should react upon a quickened intelligence and teach us to be gentle and just and fair toward one another. Of course it must needs be a slow and patient process. But so surely as the cave men have been succeeded by John Burroughs and John Muir; as surely as cannibal feasts have been succeeded by this convention; as surely as that the Bastille fell never to be rebuilt, and that the Peace Palace has been built at The Hague—so sure it is that the time will come when by the active influence of such humanizing agencies as those of this Association, it will be impossible—no, unimaginable—for Italy or any other country to light with the flimsy taper of pretext the torch of hellish war. By agitation on the platform and in the press; by individual initiative in the enforcement of old laws and the enactment of good new laws; by indifference to the ridicule of the thoughtless or the cynical and by a constant active allegiance to the cause of a humane humanity, we shall restore to men their birth-right as the sons of God. It simply means undiscouraged and untiring activity. To be humane is to act; to act with fairness and justice and firm decision toward every being that breathes. The new humanism is essentially a call to action. It is your business and mine not to theorize or sentimentalize about the world, as to whether it grows better or not, but to go out into the midst of its wrongs and right them, into its needs and help.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND THE TEACHER

Pointed Paragraphs from Address of Mrs. Laurence Gronlund at San Francisco, Cal.

Through the efforts of a comparatively small number of people who recognized the pressing need of school instruction in humaneness, a humane education law has been in effect for several years in a number of our states. The school's activity in promoting interest in this branch of study has not kept pace with that displayed concerning other special studies now considered an important part of public school instruction.

Before the study can be pursued with profit to the children in the school, teachers must have special preparatory training concerning humane education. With few exceptions, they now are not prepared to give instruction of value in this study. This is admitted by themselves, and statements from school superintendents and conversations with children verify the charge.

As to the present lack of qualification, we must look to the training-schools for teachers to make good the deficiency. It is reasonable to expect, since the subject of humane education has been introduced into the schools of fourteen or fifteen states, that the preparation of the teachers of those schools shall include such study and training as will qualify them to treat the subject, when presenting it to the children, equipped with the same necessary knowledge as is exacted in other lines of study.

The lack of preparation seriously affects the matter of humane education since it is one of the public school studies where the use of a text-book on the subject is not required. In other studies where no text-books are used, it is required that the teacher be familiar with the subject which she presents to and discusses with the pupils, the salient features being frequently reviewed and finally memorized by the children, and in addition, days are set apart and observed and celebrated further to impress upon the pupils the aims and objects of these lessons. No such thorough work is done regarding the study of humane education. No opportunity is given the children in general for special consideration of the noble aims and purposes of this instruction.

That children may have the advantage of intelligent direction in a study which aims to make them kind and just to all creatures, and that teachers may become qualified to give, from an enlightened standpoint, instruction in humane education, the training-schools for teachers should include in their course of study full instruction in this branch. There should be mapped out along intelligent, reasonable, progressive, generous, and practical lines a course of study which will fully prepare teachers for work in this department. The best talent among prominent educators and humanitarians should enter into its preparation.

For Our Dumb Animals

MY SILENT FRIENDS

Much have I learned to prize
The tender sympathies
Of the mute beast;
More gentle to respond
To every accent, fond,
Of love, released,

And every conscious touch,
That means to them so much,
And every care,
That shelters from the storm
A tired and hungry form,
Than they who bear

The prestige of a God
Upon their brow, a rod
Within their hand
Of cruelty and might.
If there is aught of Right,
Let it command

A surcease of the wrong,
That has, on earth, so long,
Oppressed the dumb.
Ask not for daily bread,
With these unstilled, unfed,
Nor Kingdom come.

For only is it willed,
That Life shall be fulfilled
When Life is Love.
To share its offerings,
To all created things,
Thy kindness prove.

DR. GEORGE BEEBE,

Pittsfield, Mass.

HUMANE EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

From Address by Edward Hyatt, Superintendent Public Instruction

The state of California has officially and fully recognized the value and the necessity of this branch of education. By statute regularly enacted, it has been given full rank with the list of branches prescribed for all the schools of the state.

I wish it were as easy to engrave upon the hearts and the souls of the young people as upon the statute-books. In carrying these messages of civilization from the statute-books to the children, translating them on the way so that those who run may read, we are entirely dependent upon the twelve thousand public school teachers who are now working for our commonwealth. It is only as we can interest them, kindle life and light and enthusiasm into them, that we can hope to see these things reappear in the children.

Here is a truth that looms larger the longer we look at it; it is possible for those who deal with young children to utter words that they will never forget, to paint ideas that remain with them and affect them through life. Many a man and a woman has carried some such simple story freshly in mind for threescore years and has shaped his or her course by it a thousand times. I would not urge you to hunt for a formal text-book upon humane education, nor to set a certain hour and day for a stiff and unnatural lesson.

I would beg all the teachers of the state to get this great movement into their own souls, to grasp it, to know what it is for, and what it is driving at, to feel it. I would have them absorb a fund of sentiment to have on tap, sentiment enriched by incident and song and story. I would have them ready for the word fitly spoken in season. Then the rest of it will take care of itself. The stream cannot rise above its source, but if it has a chance it will rise nearly to its source.

Plant the seeds of kindness where you pass along,
Keep the note of courage always in your song;
Though the fates may drive you onward day by day,
Spread the cheerful gospel as you go your way.
Plant the seeds of friendship everywhere you go,
In the days that follow they will grow and grow,
Preach the creed of good will all along the way,
You may be returning from defeat some day.



YOUNG HERONS

THE LONGEVITY OF BIRDS

In reading the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* for 1911 we have been interested in the ages attained by many of the birds mentioned. Of course it is only the exceptional bird that reaches the extreme age indicated, just as it is only the exceptional man that lives to be eighty or ninety. We give only a few of the birds spoken of in the volume referred to above: Ravens have been known to live to be 69 years old, nightingales 25, skylarks 24, goldfinches 23, canaries 20, the American robin 13, an eagle-owl 68, a gray parrot 93, a sulphur-crested cockatoo 81, an Amazon 102, a white-headed or Egyptian vulture 118, a golden eagle 104, pelicans 32, common herons 22, a black stork 30, a mute swan 70, a domestic goose (authority somewhat doubtful) 80, wild ducks 29, doves and pigeons from 23 to 40 years, herring-gulls 44, ostriches 35, cranes 50. A peacock now living near Aylesbury is known to be 40 years old.

Dr. Mitchell, the author of the book, who is also at the head of the London Zoological Gardens, says, "I think that the most certain general conclusion which I may draw regarding the longevity and viability (capacity of living after birth) of the groups of birds is, that in proportion to size, longevity and viability increase with perfection of organization. The further a bird has advanced along the lines of evolution of the bird group, the more viable it is." F. H. R.

BIRDS' SONGS BRING PARADISE

I was awakened at early dawn by a bravura of bird voices singing the sweetest anthem I have ever heard in my life.

Listening closely I caught the silvery tones of the meadow-lark, liquid and clear. My heart almost stopped beating, so like the hermit-thrush was this song. The bluebirds' merry chatter joined in. The robin carrying the high, clear soprano notes, sat on the tip-top of the tallest tree. The song-sparrow sang her cantabile superbly. Miss Jennie Wren, the chipping sparrows, the chewink, the woodpecker, the goldfinches, the warbler, the juncos, the dainty pewee and friendly phoebe all swelled the chorus, while far off in jealous rage the blue-jay sounded his gibing call.

I thought for a moment I was in heaven; and then I knew that I was.

BRUCE CALVERT.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

ONE KINDRED

With lengthening shadows gray October comes,
The busy squirrels pile their autumn store,
Again the swallows seek their southern homes
Till summer skies shall call them north once more.

How wonderful that as the seasons change
These birds and beasts, wiser than you or I,
At far-heard promptings shape, contrive, arrange,
Fulfilling each its proper destiny!

The thought that in an all-embracing scheme
The humblest creatures have their ordered need,
Awakes a sympathy and gives a theme
On which to build a universal creed.

For we and they fulfil both life and death
As common subjects of an Unseen Power
Whose might inspires all Nature, and whose breath
Is quick alike in man and beast and flower.

—The Animal World.

"BIRD DAY" FOR GEORGIA

Georgia is putting on her statute-books a law that a "bird day" shall be observed in the public schools.

This is not to be a holiday, but a day set apart for instruction in bird life and uses, so that children may be educated along these lines to such an extent that the birds of the state may receive the protection they should have.

Not only will children be instructed as to bird manners and habits, but they will be impressed as to the usefulness of the little creatures in keeping down insect life, and thus protecting trees, fruits and growing crops.

Side by side with other lessons, boys who are hunters, or who will grow to be hunters, are taught the game-laws on these bird days, so they may not ignorantly kill game-birds out of season or song-birds in any season.—Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, who preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window-sill, especially at night. He hops onto the window-sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires for his need. From thence he always hops to a little tree near by, and lifts his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves tomorrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth.

MARTIN LUTHER.

HUMANE PROBLEMS

From Address by Dr. William O. Stillman

One of the most important topics which can be considered by humanitarians anywhere is—"How can societies doing anti-cruelty work be made more efficient and permanently successful?" This is an old problem, which has received much attention, but which may still be profitably studied by all friends of this work, young or old. In the start I wish to state that I earnestly believe that we have overworked, as a rule, the sentimental end and too often neglected the business end. We have appealed to the emotional sentiments and often failed to make good when it came to finances and results. Philanthropy in our day has become a business enterprise, and should be conducted strictly on business principles, if the well-wishers of our work are to support it liberally. The time has gone by when business men can be fed on wind in return for cash surrendered. This should be carefully borne in mind. Records should be kept of all cases attended to, full and exact financial statements of moneys received and paid out should be sent in pretty full detail to all contributors. Societies which cannot show concrete results in full and reliable regular statements, as dividends for humane patrons who may be regarded as investors, should not be surprised if these investors fail to renew subscriptions.

Then as regards our line of work to be exploited I believe that while primarily and fundamentally we should prevent cruelty, we should also fight the conditions which cause cruelty if we are to be consistent. There has been a disposition in the past to neglect this phase of the work. Of course this largely means humane education. Humane education is the best prevention. Not only do we need to educate the school children and the general public in the tenets of our faith, but we also need to educate the police, the magistrates and the legislators. They usually desire to do right and are frequently abused because they do not cooperate with us. As a rule they do not understand the subject sufficiently. Their prejudices and sympathies are often on the other side and are increased not infrequently by intemperance and often abusive attacks or remarks by unwise friends of our cause. It is better to make friends with the police, magistrates and legislators, and to furnish them with humane literature. They become powerful friends, frequently, when they understand that we are reasonable, fair and just. Their assistance is worth having. Abuse and suspicion, too frequently openly voiced, alienates and antagonizes these public officers. The good will of the newspaper press is also much to be desired, and a little tact and fair treatment will usually secure it. Above all things avoid partisanship and bias in the management of local societies.



ALMOST HUMAN

These words, often applied to some intelligent and faithful dog, were particularly true of a little dog by the name of Charlie which died very recently, owned by Mrs. Sarah Bowman Van Ness of Lexington, Mass. Mrs. Van Ness comes of a remarkable line of ancestors. Royalists, colonists, men and women of Georgia and Virginia, people noted in public affairs for generations, professors and college presidents, have been among her forebears or are her kith and kin today. For seventeen years Charlie had been the daily companion and unfailing friend of his mistress who had given him her affection and confidence to a most remarkable degree. Years ago the home had been deprived of its natural head by death, and as there were no children to claim love and care, the friendship between this devoted creature and his mistress became as intimate, probably, as it is ever possible for such a friendship to become. The heart's sorrows were often told over to this listening companion who seemed to comprehend all that he heard, and who had learned to utter sounds that were understood as well as words could have been. Following his mistress' footsteps by day, guarding her room by night, there was nothing on his part that he did not do to show himself wholly loyal and worthy of the most abiding trust.

During the last days of his life, when so weak he could hardly get from the house to the lawn, he dragged himself into the drawing-room one day to find his mistress who had left her book and her glasses on the grass near where he was lying when she had entered the house a few moments before. Finding her he kept moving to the door and returning till she followed him back to the lawn and to the open book from which the glasses had disappeared. A hundred and more feet away, Fanny, a Llewelyn setter puppy, was playing in the long grass with something that seemed greatly to interest her. "Charlie, where are my glasses?" said Mrs. Van Ness. He looked over toward Fanny, then back at his mistress, and again at Fanny. "Has Fanny got them?" she asked. He gave a low sound as if he would have said "yes" if he could, and then lay back, evidently tired out, upon the grass. Mrs. Van Ness hurried over to the puppy to find the glasses where the younger dog had been playing with them. This appears to be but one of the many things that witnessed to the remarkable intelligence of this rare four-footed friend.

The little fellow had been very fond of Mr. Van Ness, and whenever a visit was made to the family burying lot where rest so many, prominent in the early history of Lexington and the colonies, he always took a certain place at the foot of his master's grave and lay there, scarcely moving, till the visit was ended. At times, when repairs were being made, or the lot cared for, he would lie in this one spot for hours.

One night he wakened the entire household by his barking and evident alarm. Lights were turned on and search made for the cause of his action. No sign of anything unusual was discovered. The next morning the family learned that a neighbor's house had been robbed by burglars. It was undoubtedly Charlie that had frightened the same marauders from the Van Ness estate.

The story would be a long one that told all his fond and clever ways. The accompanying picture represents one of those conversations when there appeared no doubt in the mind of either that all that was said was in some way comprehended.

Under one of the old trees on the broad lawn of the handsome Van Ness residence the body of this faithful friend and companion rests. If not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father, surely the passing of this life with its wealth of devotion and affection was not unnoticed by the same overwatching Providence. F. H. R.

Many a deed of heroism has been done by dogs which would, if done by men, have been honored by the Order of the Victoria Cross.
J. HOWARD MOORE.



COMPANIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS

EXPERT OPINION

The following report is taken from the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*. It cites an experience common among employees at dog shelters that are conducted by humane societies throughout the world:

The official dog catcher of Denver, Colorado, announced recently that he had received his two thousandth dog bite. Following his custom he cleansed the wound with carbolic acid and pursued his work.

"Dog bites are nothing," he remarked. "I would a good deal rather have them than mosquito bites. There's nothing to this hydrophobia business. I've been bitten by thoroughbred bulldogs, French poodles and mangy yellow dogs and I'm still here."

Only once, he says, did a dog seriously inconvenience him. That was when a pup bit him in the nose. He picks up, on an average, 10,000 dogs a year.



PATROLMAN YOUNGS AND POLICE DOGS OF PRECINCT 172, NEW YORK CITY

TO A CRICKET

Voice of summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will,
For thy song with summer's filled—
Filled with sunshine, filled with June;
Firelight echo of that noon
Heard in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away,
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of summer, keen and shrill.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE DOG AS POLICEMAN

We called attention some months ago to the service rendered in England and Europe by what are known as police dogs. The Boston *Transcript* of October 4 has an interesting article on "New York's Police Dogs." It seems that the system was first introduced into New York some four years ago, Lieutenant Wakefield (now Captain), having been sent abroad to study this feature of police patrol and instructed to bring back with him a few dogs if it seemed wise. He brought with him upon his return six Belgian sheep-dogs and Belgian wolf hounds. This Belgian dog, the writer says, is an instinctive police dog endowed with extraordinary intelligence and frequently with absolutely human understanding.

These dogs patrol the streets of the sparsely settled districts of Long Island from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. The article says that during the first year crime was reduced in those sections more than fifty per cent., and that now after four years those crimes common to residential regions, burglary, hold-ups, etc., are practically ended. Mr. Durland who writes the story of these remarkable animals for the *Transcript* thus describes the way in which they do a part of their work:

When an officer with his dog reaches his district he removes the leash and the dog begins his night's work. As nearly all of the houses in this district are separate, with grass-plots, and frequently with gardens about them, it is the custom for the dogs to make sure that all is secure in each and every house every night. The officer pushes open the garden gate and in the dog bounces, scurrying under bushes and around trees, up the back steps, down the cellar entrance and clear around the house. If a window or door is open, the dog is sure to notice it, and stops and barks, whereupon the officer goes in to see what is the trouble. If anyone happens to be in seclusion, the dog secures the hider, giving him no chance to escape before the officer arrives. Not infrequently a servant-girl, new to the district, is found sitting on the back steps with her sweetheart, and many are the stories told by the officers of these amusing interruptions, and on more than one occasion the entire household has been aroused by Bridget's terrified shrieks and Patrick's scared efforts to silence both Bridget and the dog.

Another thing the dogs are trained to do is to hunt burglars. The dogs are taken into a house which has been selected for training purposes, and taught to go into every room occupied and unoccupied, and if the inmates are walking about, lying in bed, seated in chairs or otherwise openly occupied, the dog is taught that everything is all right. Dummies are then placed in hiding about the rooms, in closets, behind curtains, under beds and other pieces of furniture. When such a dummy is discovered the dog is taught to give warning. When suspicious noises are heard in a house and the police are called, the dog is taken to that house, unleashed and told to search the house. He races from attic to cellar, searches under every piece of furniture, smells at every closet door, and if the dog returns quietly it is an absolute certainty that no intruder is hid anywhere in that house.

There is no doubt that the police departments in all our larger cities will soon or late avail themselves of the services of these clever assistants.
F. H. R.

THE HUMANE DESTRUCTION OF SMALL ANIMALS

From Address by W. K. Horton of New York

It must be plain that the destruction of animal life is a highly distasteful duty, and that there is no pleasure to be derived from it other than the knowledge that a public duty on behalf of mankind and to the animals themselves is being well performed.

It must also be clear that in every community of any considerable size there is always to be found a floating population of homeless dogs and cats, suffering from starvation and exposure, the victims of mange and other parasitical diseases which they constantly propagate by contact with one another. These animals constitute a public menace which must be provided against, and it follows that a well-organized association which has the object set forth in its corporate title—the prevention of cruelty to animals—as the sole reason for its existence, is better qualified for the task than any branch of municipal government.

Homeless animals multiply with astonishing rapidity; they lead wretched lives when left to themselves, suffering the tortures of hunger, thirst and disease; and it seems evident that if they can be destroyed without pain, it is best for the animals themselves, as well as for humanity at large. To put these forsaken and suffering creatures into a sleep from which they do not awake is not cruelty to them, since it causes them no pain. It would be cruelty to allow their suffering to continue, and every diseased animal which is removed from the streets diminishes the chances of infection to healthy animals.

This work was entered upon sixteen years ago with a profound regard for its importance, and its humanity as well as its necessity has impressed itself upon the community more forcibly from year to year, and has won for the society the confidence and sympathy of the public.

The question of the most humane method of destroying the lives of small animals has received the serious consideration of scientific men in this country and in Europe. Our society has gone into the subject very thoroughly and called to its assistance the most expert services obtainable.

The city's method was to place the unfortunate in an iron cage, which was slowly lowered into the river. In winter it was often necessary to break the ice that this barbarous cruelty might be perpetrated. It is not necessary or pertinent to state here the experiments and investigations carried on by the society in determining the best agency for the merciful destruction of life. In adopting a lethal chamber into which ordinary illuminating gas is introduced we believe that the animals are destroyed in the most humane manner that science has put at our disposal. It produces unconsciousness and complete anaesthesia and the result is quick and painless death.

The inhalation of this gas causes anaesthesia or a paralysis of sensibility and a cessation of respiration and heart action. Illuminating gas is quicker and more destructive in its action upon animals than all other forms of anaesthetics, and causes them no pain or inconvenience. They are rendered unconscious after the fourth or fifth inhalation, which occupies but a few seconds of time, and death follows quickly, depending upon the physical condition of the animal.

This method of destroying life has been described as death by sleep. Persons who have been rendered unconscious through breathing illuminating gas testify that they experience no pain up to the point where unconsciousness begins. The animals show no signs of distress or struggle. They simply lie down and pass painlessly into "the sleep that knows no waking."

The horse is beautiful in himself and admirable to watch in action or to employ in certain forms of pleasure and sport; and he makes an appeal to man to a degree only surpassed by the dog. Come what may in the way of fascinating, cheap, safe transportation by machinery, terrestrial or aerial, some persons, not few in number either, will go on using horses.—Christian Science Monitor.



THE FLOCK AT EVENTIDE

THE TRUE SHEPHERD

Dogs in general are spoken of as the servants and friends of man. Only of the sheep-dog, it has been claimed, can this be said with absolute truth. In his "Memories and Portraits," R. L. Stevenson relates an incident in which the shepherd's dog showed greater business acumen than its master:

Once, in the days of his good dog, he had bought some sheep in Edinburgh, and on the way out, the road being crowded, he lost two. This was a reproach to John and a slur upon the dog, and both were alive to their misfortune. Word came after some days that a farmer had found two sheep, and thither went John and the dog to ask for restitution. But the farmer was a hard man, and stood upon his rights. "How were they marked?" he asked, and as John had bought from many sellers, he had no notion of the marks.

"Very well," said the farmer, "then it's only right that I should keep them."

Then said John, "It's a fact that I canna' tell the sheep, but if my dog can, will ye let me have them?"

The farmer was honest as well as hard, and I daresay he had little fear of the ordeal, as he had all the sheep upon his farm into one large party, and he turned John's dog into their midst. But that hairy man of business knew his errand well; that John and he had bought two sheep and (to their shame) lost them. He knew besides (who knows not, except by listening) that they had come for their recovery, and, without pause or blunder he singled out first one and then another—the two waifs.

The shepherd and his dog—what do I say? The true shepherd and his man then set off together in jocund humor, and "smiled to 'ither'" all the way home, with the two recovered ones before them.

For Our Dumb Animals

OCTOBER BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies in fair October
Still are flitting here and there;
Still on painted wings of azure
Glinting in the sun-kissed air.

Ever o'er the greenening meadows
Where the aftermath has grown,
Ever where the tinted aster
Like a candle-gleam has strown
Purple rays into the autumn,
Purple light into the day;
There I see them sailing, sailing,
Ever drifting far away.

Mists may fall at morning's gleaming
In a drench of silver dew,
And the wild grapes from the lattice
Of the tall tree shimmer through;
Shimmer out from golden curtains
That the frosted leaves have hung,
Coral berries, clustered berries,
Ripe the rustic courts among;
Morn may blush with soft dews falling
O'er the world and far away,
Yet the butterflies are thronging
When the noon-hours crown the day.

Fair among the hills they linger,
Dance they o'er some stilly stream,
Golden as the June-born lilies
In the waters where they gleam;
Dance they on with autumn zephyrs,
On and on in airy grace
Toward the waiting blossoms lifting
Each a dainty smiling face;
Fall they from the Father's fingers
Flut'ring softly into birth;
Fall they like a benediction
O'er the gardens of the earth.

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER,
Malden, Mass.



WAITING FOR REFRESHMENTS

OUR DUMB FRIENDS

A gentle word will help along the road
The noble beast that drags a heavy load.

A kindly deed to soothe or ease his pain,
His faithful love and gratitude will gain.

A little sympathy or thoughtful care
Will oftentimes lift a burden hard to bear.

A loving touch; it is not much to give
To those who help and serve us while they live.

They give to us their strength, their life, their all;
Their loyal love is ours whate'er befall.

With sweet obedience and patient will,
They do our bidding, uncomplaining still.

No truer friends than these to man are given,
Pray we be worthy of this Gift from Heaven.

MARION WALLER-TATAM.

"HORSES' BAND OF MERCY"

The horse now has a sworn friend in every policeman in the downtown district of Kansas City, Missouri.

The following pledge was presented to them by Edwin R. Weeks, president of the "Horses' Own Band of Mercy," and they signed it to a man:

We, the undersigned, hereby promise to try to be kind to the faithful horse and protect him from cruel usage.

Besides the policemen, the list of signers embraces the names of the mayor, the police commissioners and nearly all of the city officers. But Mr. Weeks, who is also president of the Humane Society, does not think their names are so important in a work of this kind as those of the policemen, who are on the street and have innumerable opportunities to intercede for the horse.

The policemen will try to see that the horses get a square deal in the future.

For Our Dumb Animals

THE STORY OF A POLICE HORSE



HE was old, a trifle lame, and almost all of the spirit had gone out of him long ago. This was evident in the hang of his head and in the note of dead weariness that sounded through the dragging of his feet. In his dejected eyes was a look of mute wretchedness. Within his bony frame, hidden somewhere beneath a matted coat, just one spark of the old-time fire remained, and for one brief moment that flashed into life one day last week when chance brought him past the Liberty avenue police station.

It was one o'clock and the afternoon platoon was getting ready to report for duty. Back in the precinct stable the mounted squad had drawn up, their restive horses anxious to be off. Among the horses, a dozen blue uniforms hurried back and forth. Down Liberty avenue, bridleless, but with a frayed yellow blanket thrown across his back, came a forlorn-looking nag, his head sunk down almost between his knees. He came abreast of the station-house just as a body of policemen rounded the corner and mounted the steps. Something in the even tramp of feet went home and the old nag lifted his head. As he did so a mounted officer appeared at the stable door, holding his horse by the bridle.

With a glad neigh the nag of the yellow blanket pulled himself together and forgetting the lame foot, took the sidewalk at a half trot. Touching sides with the sleek police horse in the doorway, into the precinct stable ambled the nag of the yellow blanket. There, with a touching equine "bluff" at youth and spirit, he fell into step and lined up with the out-going squad.

Tim Kelley, who had charge of the precinct stable, could not understand it. He was still

more surprised when the nag of the yellow blanket broke rank to rub noses with the two big roans that draw the patrol wagon, going from stall to stall and neighing with delight every time a blue uniform came near. Kelley and a dozen officers were gathered around the yellow blanket when Sergeant Atwater came into the stable to give orders to his men.

"Ready, men," was the command.

At the sound of Atwater's voice the nag of the yellow blanket pricked up his ears.

"Horses in line," commanded Atwater.

With a feeble plunge—enough to throw the yellow blanket from his back—the old nag leaped forward. A joyous whinny of recognition and then a brown nose going up and down Atwater's sleeve. The startled sergeant took one look and with a glad cry threw an arm around the old fellow's neck.

"'Dunner-und-blitzen,' by all that's good!" shouted he.

And Dunner-und-blitzen it was. The joyous neighs and whinnys of the old nag told this. Crowding around the wondering officers wanted to know who was Dunner-und-blitzen. Atwater told them—told them, strong man though he is, with a choke in his voice and something suspicious trembling on his eyelids.

Dunner-und-blitzen was once the finest horse in the New York police department. He stood fifteen hands high and the gloss of his silken coat gave him a post in Prospect Park where the grand folks of Brooklyn disport themselves and where the aristocrats of the equine world take their morning canter. There was spirit in his step, fire in his eye and the way he held his head was the boast of all who knew him. He was celebrated, too, as a catcher of runaways. Once when his rider, dead and gone these many years, was busy with an offender in a side street, down the boulevard came a maddened truck horse, a little child in its path. Not waiting for his rider nor a sign from him, Dunner-und-blitzen dashed out into the roadway. Planting himself with four feet set firmly on the ground, he waited for the rush. When it came he fell back a second, then turned and catching the bridle of the runaway in his teeth, he raced a block beside the truck horse—tugging with all the strength of his stout heart until he had brought it back upon its haunches, several feet this side of the little child.

That act made Dunner-und-blitzen famous in the police department, and Atwater, his voice a-tremble, recalled it to the Liberty avenue force while poor old Dunner-und-blitzen stood by, toil-worn, half starved and marked with many blows—the forlorn object of a mighty come-down.

Where Dunner-und-blitzen came from, nobody knows. All that is known is that two years ago he became too old for further use in the police department, and with that kindly return which the big, rich city of New York makes to the horses that have served it long and faithfully in police or fire department, it put Dunner-und-blitzen upon the block for sale to the highest bidder.

Plainly, the highest bidder had not been kind to him. Maybe it was the daily grind of a junk wagon that transformed him from the pride of Prospect Park into the old nag of the Liberty avenue police station; or maybe it was just the starvings and the beatings that did it. If horses have hearts, that of Dunner-und-blitzen must have broken under the fate to which a thankless city turned him over. Who knows but what he may have, for days and weeks and months, planned to run away from it—planned to get away and return to old friends and scenes? Maybe it was some hope of finding his way back to these that spurred him on when he set out from the highest bidder, one day last week. Anyhow, something—kind chance, perhaps, brought him past the Liberty avenue police station and into the friendly care of the officers.

How they fed him, and rubbed him down, and gave him a stall, and made their own of him! There we prefer to leave him. It is too hard to think of him given back to the highest bidder, who has not been kind to him.

KATHARINE DANGERFIELD.



OFFICER MELVIN AND "BABY" OF BOSTON

For Our Dumb Animals

THE RESCUE OF 'RASTUS

All day came cries of sore distress—
A truant kitten's plaintive mew;
And from the lofty clinging vine
A small black face appeared to view.

The children coaxed and called in vain.
But 'Rastus seemed quite numb with fright,
And hunger added to his woes—
Indeed, his was a sorry plight!

How perilous that steep descent!
Another matter to retrace
His way among the swaying vines
Up which he'd climbed with agile grace!

Adown the street a manly form
Came swinging with a fine, free gait;
Brass buttons, and a dash of red,
A visored cap, and shoulders straight

Proclaimed him one of the brigade
Of fire-laddies brave and bold,
That valiant crew—God bless 'em all!—
With nerves of iron, hearts of gold.

His falcon eyes were swift to see
The children's grief, the dismal plight
Of little 'Rastus, wild with fear—
It was, indeed, a touching sight.

Then on he passed, with quickened step,
And in a moment down the street
Tore two gray steeds with flashing eyes,
And tossing manes, and flying feet!

And from his seat the fellow sprang,
And up against the vine-clad wall,
Amid the clustering foliage,
He placed his ladder slim and tall;

Then up he sped, and down he came,
The tiny cat clasped to his breast;
Ah, 'tis a saying surely true—
The strongest are the tenderest.

Oh, such a happy shout arose
Of "Hip! hurrah!" "Three cheers! Hooray!"—
Yet seemed he not to hear at all,
And quite unconscious drove away.

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

THE CATS OF MANXLAND

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR in *Farm and Fireside*

"You see, there's one place in the world, at least, where the small boy doesn't often have the fun of pulling the cat's tail," laughed one of the Islanders in the little fifteen-by-thirty-mile Isle of Man in the Irish Sea.

We were watching some Manx kittens frolicking and tumbling about on the lawn. "And, by the way," he continued, "have you ever seen a Manx cat try to run around a corner? You see, it hasn't even the apology for a tail. The tail acts as a rudder with the ordinary cat in any such performance as that and steers it safely. A Manx cat will seldom try this 'stunt,' instinct telling it that it's an almost impossible feat; but occasionally such a thing happens, and it usually ends in a ludicrous tumble."

The longer I stayed in the Island, the more I saw of these charming little pets. One sees them everywhere—sometimes jumping like rabbits from the gorse and fuchsia hedges, leisurely walking the streets of the little fishing towns, or stretched lazily in the sun outside the tiny white-washed cottages, or in the beautiful gardens of the more pretentious villas.

Sometimes one comes upon an odd-looking group, as I did one day when passing a charming home almost buried in a glory of rose and fuchsia bushes. This group comprised a fierce-looking black cat with a full-length tail, a half-breed Manx cat with half a tail, a full-breed cat with no tail and a long-tailed smoke-colored cat from the Shetland Isles. The latter are at present very popular in the Isle of Man.

The Manx cat has a smaller head, longer hind legs and shorter body than the ordinary cat. They run and jump much like rabbits, and have a fox's queer way of looking at you as if reading your thoughts.

"I believe there are as many Manx cats in Cleveland, Ohio, or San Francisco, as in the

Island," said one of the Islanders to me. Large numbers have been brought to those cities." Many are also brought to England as gifts. Half a crown is often charged for these pets and sometimes a much higher price. The cat-shows of the Island present a fine showing.

Long ago, when the Isle of Man was ruled by the Cambrian princes, the value of a cat was set by law. One of the old Manx laws reads as follows: "The price of a kitten before it can see is a penny. After it can see and before it catches a mouse, two pence; and after it catches a mouse, four pence."

We are also told that if the kitten proved not perfect in sight or hearing, or if dull of claws, the seller must forfeit to the buyer one-third of its value.

In Pierre Loti's "Book of Pity and of Death" we are told of the supreme trustfulness which a cat places in one it loves. This is especially true of the Manx cat. It is more suspicious than other cats, but once it becomes attached to a person, its whole heart is given unreservedly.

The Isle of Man, like all countries with an ancient history, abounds in fascinating legends. There are several legends in regard to the origin of the Manx cat. One of these I have woven into a little rhyme:

'Twas time to close the ark's great door,
And Noah said, "Now, let me see!
Are they all in?—the tiger, bear,
The panther, dog and chimpanzee—

"Lion and wolf and elephant,
Leopard and fox! Are they all in?
If so, I'll shut the door at last
And our long journey we'll begin."

But just as Noah slammed the door,
Preparing for the ocean-sail,
The cat from mousing came in late.
Alas! the door cut off her tail!



JUST BORN THAT WAY

Puss from the window jumped and ran.
Was rescued, loudly purred her thanks.
She landed on the Isle of Man
And ever after was called Manx!

KITTEN WON ADMIRAL'S HEART

When Admiral Kwang Ching of the Chinese navy visited the Brooklyn yard recently it was said that none of the big guns nor the bigger battleships attracted his attention so much as a tiny blue-eyed Persian kitten. Cats are prized highly in China and so delighted was the Admiral with this little white-haired midget that he later expressed the desire to obtain one as near like it as possible. Efforts in finding one were unavailing until the cruiser Hai Chi was about to depart, when a fluffy Persian kitten was presented to the Admiral. He was much pleased and will carry the kitten back to his daughter at home as the best present a father can take to his little girl from across the seas.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S CAT

Sir David Brewster was one of England's greatest astronomers, but owing to nervousness he had a dislike for animals. He looked upon dogs as creatures which were always liable to become mad, while cats, he declared, gave him an electric shock each time they entered the room. One day a cat, having entered the house, found its way to the astronomer's study. Seeing him seated in his chair, busily writing, it ran to him, jumped upon his knee, and putting a paw on each shoulder, kissed him as distinctly as a cat could. Sir David was so surprised by pussy's audacity, and so touched by her affection that he forgot to feel the electric shock; his heart was won. From that time they were fast friends, and every morning the cat's breakfast plate was filled by his hands.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

Boston, November, 1911

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions and remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts which is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions will be given.

TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the special price of twenty-five cents.

BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale at greatly reduced prices.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

DEGRADING SPORT

The custom, very common at our country fairs and shore resorts, of securing a negro who will put his head through a hole in a canvas that it may become a target for all who will gamble on hitting it with a base-ball, we regard as unworthy a place in an enlightened community. While the human target may skillfully dodge the majority of the balls, the general effect upon the boys and girls who see it is that that sort of sport is all right so long as it is a negro that is hit. We grant the negro hires himself out for this purpose, nevertheless the influence of the sport is degrading in its effect both upon him and upon no small part of those who witness it. It is a so-called amusement that should speedily be abolished.

F. H. R.

A WISE WOMAN

We learned the other day of a lady making a tour through the country, not with an automobile, but with her own horse and carriage, who, when she put her horse up at a livery or hotel stable always took pains to drop around at feeding time to make sure that her horse was neither neglected nor robbed of the grain he should have by some careless or dishonest proprietor or attendant. She also had an automobile horn attached to her carriage, and in approaching corners or dangerous turnings in the road availed herself of its warning tones as protection against some reckless automobile driver coming in the opposite direction. As to looking after the feeding of her horse she is an example to be followed. As to the horn on her carriage, why isn't that a most sensible idea?

F. H. R.

AN IMPORTANT UTTERANCE

The most of us in this modern day would rather be considered immoral than unscientific. That many of the cruel prejudices that have separated one man from another because of a difference in race have been wholly unwarranted by the facts, becomes apparent in the declarations made by the men, eminent as scholars and scientists, who constituted the Race Congress recently held in London. This is what the highest knowledge attainable as yet upon the question has to say as voiced by these distinguished students of the subject:

1. It is not legitimate to argue from differences in physical characteristics to differences in mental characteristics.

2. Physical and mental characteristics of races are not permanent, nor are they modifiable only through long ages. On the contrary, they are capable of being profoundly modified in a few generations by changes in education, public sentiment and environment generally.

3. The status of a race at any particular time offers no index as to its innate or inherited capacities.

If religion has been powerless to destroy these unjust prejudices it may be science will yet drive them out of our minds by its hard hammer of fact.

F. H. R.

THE LIGHT THAT DID NOT FAIL

A story of fidelity and heroic loyalty to a trust comes to us from one of our highly esteemed members in France, Mr. Edward Fox Sainsbury. From Mr. Sainsbury's letters and from a newspaper clipping he sends we are able to tell it to our readers:

It was Easter day of this year, on a lonely island off the coast of France by which nearly all the ships must pass which come and go along the English channel. The lighthouse-keeper, M. Matelot, with his wife and three young children formed the sole occupants of the isolated and solitary point from which rose the beacon known as the lighthouse of Kerdonis. It was five miles across the sea to the mainland. This Easter Sunday M. Matelot was taken ill. After using such remedies as were at hand, but without bringing relief to the sufferer, his wife rowed the five miles to the nearest village for help. Upon her return she found her husband rapidly failing and in great physical distress. When the time came to light the light she left him long enough to set it burning, returning immediately to his bedside. Soon one of her children came with the word that the light was not revolving. It was learned afterward that the husband had been stricken down before he had had the chance to finish some repairs that he had been making. The mother hastened up the stairway to find the report all too true. But to leave that light stationary might mean disaster and shipwreck to many a craft picking its way along the perilous shore. She applied her hands to the light and found she could move it. The father and husband lay dying without physician or trained attendant, and, racked by severe pain, called constantly for care. Yet, now the mother, now one of the children, stood in the lonely tower around which the winds moaned and sighed, and about whose rocky base the sea flung its foamed waves, and kept the light in motion.

A little after midnight the end came for the faithful servant of his country and his fellow-men. The farewells were said amid a sense of desolation and abandonment that made the night seem one of gloom and terror. And yet, from dark till dawn the beacon light in the lighthouse tower flashed out its warning and guiding rays to the ships that came and went. When the mother must leave to minister to her dying husband the children took her place.

As we have read the account of L'Heroine du Phare de Kerdonis we have not wondered that upon this noble woman there has been conferred by the French government the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, and that the press has raised for her and her children the sum of twenty thousand francs. No one will ever know the hundreds of lives her courage and fidelity may have saved that night of the Easter day. We have sent, at Mr. Sainsbury's request, a medal of our Society, bearing on the front, with the Society's seal the words, "Awarded for Humanity," on the reverse, "To Madame Matelot for Heroism."

F. H. R.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

There was held at Turin, Italy, last month, an International Congress for the Protection of Animals. Among the subjects discussed we notice the following: "The most practical means of inculcating in the mind of the general public the idea of protecting animals," "The best system in the construction of stables," "The best system of pavement for public ways," "The quickest and most painless methods of slaughtering food animals." We do not know that any of our American organizations were represented. The distance would be almost prohibitive. Held, however, as the Congress was, in connection with the International Exposition at Turin, it must have attracted to it a large number of European lovers of our cause.

F. H. R.

FOUNTAIN FOR MALDEN

A handsome drinking fountain for men and animals, presented to the city of Malden by Mrs. Anna M. Delano, a director of our Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was officially accepted October 10.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CONVENTION

We have received from Mr. Guy Richardson, Secretary of our Societies, and a delegate to the annual meeting of the American Humane Association, held recently in San Francisco, a letter, in which he says, among other things: The Convention was a most harmonious one, the most cordial relations between the various branches of the work being at all times manifest. The attendance was above the average, something like one hundred and sixty-one registering. The public meeting in the Valencia Theatre was very largely attended and the most successful of any similar one in my day. The address of President Wheeler was greatly liked. President Stillman was publicly presented with a gold watch fob by the San Francisco S. P. C. A.

Never has the Convention been more royally entertained. Everything was done for the delegates that a generous hospitality could devise. Automobile rides to many places of interest were made possible by friends who cheerfully gave their cars for the purpose. A visit to the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, a trip to Chinatown, including an introduction to the Consul and other leading officials, a reception given in the palatial residence of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, were some of the many pleasant features of what will long be remembered by all present as a remarkably profitable gathering.

A HERO OF THE AUSTIN FLOOD

A special staff correspondent of the Cleveland Press of October 4 sent his paper this incident connected with the bursting of the dam:

Maude, a powerful black mare, deserves a hero medal for life-saving at the Austin deluge, and Lewis Ryan, sixty-five, her driver, whose life she saved, is going to pin it on her, figuratively, by making the rest of her life ease and luxury.

When the dam broke, Ryan was loading his two-wheeled truck, to which Maude was hitched. He raced for the hills, but halted when Maude whinnied for help as clearly, Ryan says, as if she had been gifted with speech. He hurried back, cut her harness, and together they made for the hills.

Ryan stumbled and fell just as the huge mass of water and pulp wood was bearing down on him. Maude missed him, ran back to his side, and Ryan mounted her. She carried him safely above the water-line.

"I would have deserted my old pal in a mighty sneaky way," Ryan said, with tears in his eyes. "I guess she thought that the old man was getting old and sort of forgetting all about her, so she just up and whinnies to remind me I was deserting her."

"I can never forget the look that horse gave me when I heard her whinny and turned. It was the most reproachful look I ever saw, not barring human beings."

"And if I have to work until I croak, that horse is never going to do any more work. She saved my life, and a vacation for life is going to be her reward."

NOT IN VAIN

The following appeared September 29 in the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

In an attempt to save a straggly stray kitten from death under a locomotive, I. J. Soper, a baggageman, dashed in front of an Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe train today at Kansas City and was killed. The kitten also was killed.

One cannot help feeling that the sacrifice of this human life was far too costly a price to pay for a stray kitten's rescue. Still the deed of kindness and heroism, if the report is a true one, was not wholly in vain. No one who has read these brief lines with a heart sensitive to such acts of unselfish interest in behalf of the least of God's defenseless creatures, has failed to ask himself how much of real personal sacrifice he is actually making to relieve the sufferings of the weak and helpless and to defend them from the ills that lurk at so many turns in their path.

F. H. R.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of drivers or owners.

Post cards, to be filled out when sending in complaints, may be obtained without charge upon application to the office of the Society.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden and Hampshire Counties—DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties—HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640.

REPORT FOR LAST MONTH

Animals examined	3408
Number of prosecutions	26
Number of convictions	25
Horses taken from work	137
Horses humanely killed	93

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received \$900 interest from the Ashton estate. It has also been remembered in the wills of John Souther of Newton and Edward W. Koppie of Nunda, New York.

The American Humane Education Society has received gifts of \$100 from a New York City friend, and \$39.10 from bequest of Catherine N. Scott.

Boston, October 18, 1911.

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE OBSERVER

We who live in the country often fail to realize the good work that is being done in the cities for the dumb animals, especially horses, during such hot weather as prevailed last summer, by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The writer witnessed a practical demonstration of this work while in Boston, on a horse that had fallen exhausted in Scollay Square from the excessive heat. The ambulance of the above named Society was summoned and three men devoted over an hour in hard work in an endeavor to bring the animal back to its normal condition. No human being could have received better treatment. The above was only one of the many similar cases cared for and the work of the Society cannot be too highly commended and should be liberally supported.—Pittsfield (N. H.) *Valley Times*.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Since my last letter, in which I spoke of my work in Worcester and outlying districts, I have visited several agricultural fairs and towns in the western part of the state, working for two or three weeks in the Berkshire hills.

During September I have secured much press publicity for Massachusetts S. P. C. A. work. The majority of the articles published were two columns in length and illustrated. The total circulation of the papers printing what I have furnished is 212,000. I have traveled 1,550 miles, held thirty meetings, distributed 30,000 pieces of humane literature, including 10,000 copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, spoken to 10,000 people, made 350 special calls, and have impressed the value of our work and the importance of the humane sentiment upon thousands of people as I have passed among them at the fairs and other places distributing the literature.

One phase of this publicity campaign that seems to me destined to bear excellent fruitage is the street meetings that I have held. The authorities in nearly every town so far have granted me permission to give these street talks at night. They invariably attract good sized crowds, and a large demand for our literature is in evidence when its distribution is announced. I hold these gatherings in districts where I am likely to reach men that handle animals, and the questions that are asked show that I do reach them, and that the best way to get results for the humane cause is to go where teamsters, truck drivers, barn bosses, owners of horses and other animals are. Humane education I find to be needed everywhere.

I want to speak gratefully of the publishers, editors, reporters and others in the newspaper offices who have said to me, "Certainly, bring along your copy and cuts and we will give you space."

The press of the state has treated the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. handsomely from the beginning of this publicity campaign upon which I have entered. It deserves and I hope will receive the thanks of every animal lover where the articles have appeared.

The agricultural fair season is now about over. Having covered the western part of the state whose growing population requires increased vigilance on the part of our Society and in my judgment more resident agents to look after its interests, I now contemplate devoting the month of October to Brockton with its fair, Taunton, Attleboro, Mansfield, Pawtucket, Fall River, New Bedford and outlying towns.

ED. H. PACKARD.

CATS AT SUMMER RESORTS

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

Captain S—, proprietor of the boarding-house where I stop at Pigeon Cove, told me that, the previous winter, he fed daily thirteen cats, who had been left behind to starve by summer cottagers. The poor creatures had no shelter from the winter's storms and no possible way of procuring food. Captain S—, being very fond of animals, could not endure to see these helpless creatures suffer, so he bought fish for them and they came regularly to his back porch for food. What punishment would be adequate for people who can thus deliberately leave "pets" to starve to death?

To the above writer we replied as follows:

"The story of the experience of Captain S— at Pigeon Cove is greatly to be regretted, but I fear that such abandoning of cats is only too frequent at summer resorts in Massachusetts, as elsewhere. We have placards of warning, calling attention to the law which provides punishment for any person convicted of abandoning cats in Massachusetts. I am sending you a copy of this card for such use as you may be able to make of it."

This card also announces our standing offer of a reward of ten dollars for evidence that will convict any one of the violation of the laws of Massachusetts by the abandoning of cats. The placard is suitable for placing in store windows, or posting in conspicuous places outdoors, and may be had upon application to the Society.

THE CALF

While efforts are being made by our Society to lessen the suffering of calves in Massachusetts and throughout the entire country, it is interesting to find the following which comes to a local paper from France:

All Dinard has taken up the humanitarian movement started there by the well-known San Francisco lawyer, Charles S. Hanlon, to prevent cruelty to calves. It seems that while being conveyed from Ouriers to a slaughter-house, Breton calves are treated with singular and needless cruelty. Their legs are bound with cords, and the calves are thrown into carts in heaps instead of being allowed to stand. One day a fair American woman wept when she saw the tongues of the calves protruding with pain and heard the mournful moans and witnessed the big brown, melancholy eyes begging for mercy. She made a complaint of the cruelty to the gallant San Francisco man, who was spending the holidays at the Brittany watering-place, and he promised his influence and money to save the suffering calves.

The most enthusiastic of all favoring the Hanlon calf movement is Judith Gautier, daughter of the famous writer, Theophile Gautier. This distinguished poetess has a villa at Dinard, where meetings for the prevention of cruelty to calves are held. F. H. R.

TRUE FRIEND TO ANIMALS

In the death of Dr. Carl Crisand in Worcester, Massachusetts, on September 30, the cause of dumb animals lost a sincere friend.

A man standing high in his profession, of broad culture, intense love of nature and a genial kindness which made every one who knew him his friend, the varied interests which these things brought never left him indifferent to the appeal of dumb creatures, and in the scant leisure of a busy physician's life, he ever found time to devote to their cause.

The stray or suffering animals that came under his notice never failed to receive from him help and protection, and he strove in every way to promote their well-being.

His waiting-room table was always strewn with literature tending to that end. The walls of his home held many a picture of animals and framed precepts regarding their needs and kind treatment.

To the eye of patient and friend will come back many a picture of the beloved doctor, but perhaps none more vivid than that of him going about on his rounds, with his beautiful collie sitting up straight and proudly beside him, as if understanding and appreciating his master's mission.

CRUELTY TO FISH

A Texas correspondent, writing to us under date of September 30, described the cruel practice of catching fish with hook and line in the icy waters of the lake in Yellowstone Park and casting them alive into the boiling springs. She asked us to call the notice of the proper department at Washington to this matter, with which request we hastened to comply. A few days later we received the following reply:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

October 7, 1911.

Sir:—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the fifth instant reporting alleged cruelty to fish in Yellowstone Park and inviting attention to the demoralizing effect which it must have upon spectators, and to advise that the matter will be given due consideration.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) Chief Clerk.

ANGELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

We hope in our next issue to be able to announce the purchase of a site for the Angell Memorial Hospital for Animals. An exceedingly favorable location has been under consideration by the directors and it is expected that the transfer of the property will soon be made.

F. H. R.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on the preceding page.

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

ADVANCE IN HUMANE WORK

Has not the time arrived for humane societies to seek more persistently for legislation that will actually prevent cruelty? The major part of our anti-cruelty laws are to enable us to punish the guilty. Laws are needed that shall make impossible many deeds of cruelty that now are common. We advocated recently in these columns some system whereby the owner or caretaker of animals should be obliged to obtain a license which should serve as evidence of his fitness to handle or care for them. If the state will punish a man for ill-using a horse how can it consistently refuse to stand between the horse and the man who might ill-use it? It surely is better when you can say to a cruel man you shall not have the chance to be cruel, than to say if you are cruel you shall be punished. In the latter case the punishment doesn't make up for what meanwhile the object of the cruelty has suffered.

We are glad to see that a bill in this very direction was introduced last February into the legislature of Indiana by the well-known humanitarian, Mr. A. Melzer, founder of the "Friendly Inn" for horses at Evansville. This bill demands that all owners or caretakers of horses, mules or milch cows shall obtain from the clerk of the city or town in which they live a license to own or have charge of the same. Such persons are to permit at all times the inspection of the animal or animals in their charge by any authorized police or health officer, or officer of a duly organized and incorporated society for the prevention of cruelty. Neglect or abuse of such animals may mean the revoking of the license, or the court may put the licensee on probation. The second offence shall take the license away for one year.

This is a thoroughly sensible, practicable bill. It is worthy a place on the statute-books of every state in the union. We regret that it did not become a law in Indiana. The committee on Rights and Privileges, consisting of seven members, were divided upon it. Three voted to report it with recommendation that it pass, the other four voted that it be indefinitely postponed. We believe that before many years such a bill as this will be favorably acted upon by the most of our states. F. H. R.

ARBITRATION

Between the years 1903 and 1910 one hundred and fifteen permanent treaties of arbitration have been concluded between nations differing widely from each other in many particulars of government and rank. The development of this idea of International Arbitration from 1794 to 1900, as given by a recent authority, M. La Fontaine, President of the International Peace Bureau, has been as follows: From 1794-1820, fifteen cases; 1821-1840, eight cases; 1841-1860, twenty cases; 1861-1880, forty-four cases; 1881-1900, ninety cases. F. H. R.

THE VALUE OF PRESS PUBLICITY IN HUMANE WORK

From Address by Guy Richardson

Publicity has become the keynote of success in all forms of organized endeavor, and we who are toiling for the helpless and speechless animal cannot afford for one moment to underestimate its worth. It seems to me that Publicity is the twin sister of Enthusiasm. If we are really in earnest about our work, we will wish others to know of it, to share its burdens, to exult in its triumphs, to catch something of the inspiration which was the glory of the early apostles of anti-cruelty.

The value of press publicity, as applied to humane work, may be studied under three heads: (1) the humane journal as a class periodical, a method available usually only by societies of large financial resources; (2) the general humane bureau, a syndicate adapted to covering a wide field; and (3) the use of the local press, a means open alike to the smallest and poorest humane society as well as to the largest and richest.

When, in 1868, the late George T. Angell founded in Boston the first humane journal in the world, *Our Dumb Animals*, his object was twofold: to advertise the work of the then newly-organized Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with a view to financial support, and also to promote humane education wherever he could find means to circulate the paper. As the work extended and the Band of Mercy and the American Humane Education Society were organized by him, Mr. Angell naturally looked to *Our Dumb Animals* as the best medium for telling the world of his plans. He conceived the idea of sending it free to lawyers, clergymen, and physicians in the state; to public libraries, colleges, and the members of Congress; and especially to the editors of newspapers throughout the country. That this was a profitable investment he had no doubt. In his later life he even attributed nine-tenths of the total income of the two Societies directly to the influence of the regular monthly issues of the journal.

Our Dumb Animals today serves the double purpose of being the organ of the Societies mentioned and of supplying copy on humane subjects to every newspaper in the United States and Canada that cares to make use of it. This policy of taking advantage of every means available to give the widest publicity to our work is maintained under the present management. Plans are now under way for *Our Dumb Animals* to be made a much more effective organ than it has ever been before. Through this and other forms of publications we expect to awaken a new public interest in our work and to more widely spread the gospel of kindness to every living creature.

The circulation of many of the anti-cruelty periodicals in this country, some of them mere pamphlets, may be necessarily limited, but, with their advent at regular intervals through the years with commands, entreaties, messages, again and again repeated, who can estimate their total value to the humane propaganda? An obscure paragraph in the most remote corner of a four-page folder may catch the eye of a boy and result in the making of another Bergh or Angell, or be the means of opening the purse-strings of the long-awaited benefactor who shall do for the humane societies of this country what Rockefeller has done for the colleges or Carnegie for the libraries. I have read that California, or one of its cities, is the paradise of millionaires. May the echoes of this Convention, in the cries of unfortunate children and suffering animals, be heard in this paradise and may it have no rest till they shall have been answered in a very practical and substantial manner. Give us \$10,000,000 every year for the work of the societies represented here, and every twelve months we will give back \$100,000,000 worth of improved childhood and animal life.

In Massachusetts our S. P. C. A. finds it profitable to employ, at a very moderate allowance, the services of a man whose regular occupation affords him an unusual opportunity to supply

acceptable news stories to the daily papers. Another, sent by our Society throughout the state as a general publicity agent, has succeeded in inducing different newspapers to agree to use each week one or two columns about our work. When very important matters have been pending, such as bills before the legislature, the editorial sanctums of the large Boston papers have been sought in person with usually favorable results. It is surprising how much valuable support societies in the largest cities may receive from the press, if the effort is systematically and persistently kept up.

Societies for the prevention of cruelty are distinctly the people's institutions, and much that they do is of absorbing interest to newspaper readers. Here is a tremendous force right at hand and always on the job. It is up to the societies to use the press in season and out of season—publicity pays.

ANTI-CRUELTY STATISTICS

From Report of Nathaniel J. Walker, Secretary American Humane Association

Thirty-five years ago this Association first met in convention. As we look back we are impressed with the tremendous strides the anti-cruelty cause has made since that first meeting. Many of the pioneers have been called to their reward, some of them long before the great possibilities of the work were fully realized. Those of us who are engaged in carrying on the work today, when it is almost universally upheld, cannot quite realize the heroism and courage required by those earnest, zealous and self-sacrificing pioneers who first took up the battle for the protection of children and animals from cruelty and neglect.

A few years ago a handful of devoted men and women were giving their time and money for this cause. Today hundreds of well-equipped societies are scouring the streets and alleys of our cities seeking out those who would ruin children and cruelly treat animals. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a wide-spread interest in everything that tends to improve and aid the helpless and unfortunate.

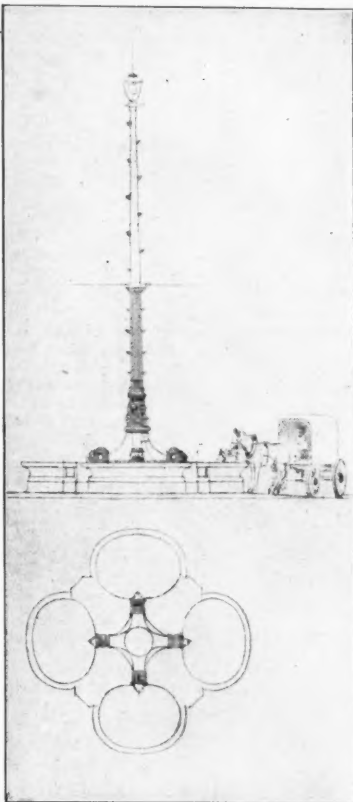
While the Association is bending every effort to organize new societies in unoccupied territory and inspiring weak societies to do better work, there is a magnificent opportunity for many of the strong societies to engage in missionary work, by organizing and conducting departments in the more sparsely settled counties surrounding them. If each of the successful societies would organize departments in the counties adjacent to their present jurisdiction, where no anti-cruelty work is being carried on, much of the unoccupied territory would be covered.

The following statistical report for 1911 will give some idea of the work that is being carried on by the anti-cruelty societies of this country. The amount of work that is being done by the active societies is very gratifying:

Societies sending reports of activities	455
(This figure includes 36 societies newly organized or reorganized.)	
Total of all societies which are reported as having been formed	685
Number of states having compulsory Humane Education Laws	15
Number paid employees (men)	919
Number paid employees (women)	307
Number voluntary agents	6,605
Number members and contributors	76,860
Amount received from contributions	\$387,491.02
Amount received from endowment	212,381.87
Total receipts from all sources	1,577,459.39
Total disbursements	1,371,248.64
Number of animals involved in work	1,456,995
Number prosecutions	31,164
Number convictions	26,279

NEW SOCIETY IN PENNSYLVANIA

The Lebanon County S. P. C. A. was organized on September 21 with a charter membership of over one hundred of the leading citizens of Lebanon. Mr. Milton A. Blazier was unanimously elected president of the new society.



THE ANGELL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

The friends of Mr. Angell the world over will be glad to know that at last there is to be built in the city of Boston, where he lived so long, a memorial fountain bearing his name. Soon after his death the children of the public schools of the city contributed for this purpose between seven and eight hundred dollars. Other friends added a similar amount until we had close to fifteen hundred dollars. Such a fountain as we wanted we learned would cost in the neighborhood of \$3,500. How should we obtain the other \$2,000! Would not the city of Boston be willing to contribute this toward perpetuating the memory of a man to whom municipality and commonwealth both owed so much? It was worth discovering. A happy chance threw us this summer aboard the same ship with His Honor the Mayor. We told him our purpose. We asked for his cooperation. It was quickly granted. The result has been that upon his recommendation the City Council has appropriated the necessary \$2,000, and the plans for the fountain are under way. The Mayor, in doing this, has only added another to the many services he has rendered our Society. He is a lover of animals, and when he agrees to help us he does it and does it at once.

The location was suggested by Mr. Armistead, secretary of the Work-Horse Parade Association, —as far back as it was first learned that such a fountain was proposed. It is to be in Post Office Square, where many hundreds of horses drink every day. It will replace the old fountain now there. Sixteen horses will be able to drink at once from its four large basins. To meet the necessities of the case there will have to rise, through the centre of it, a tall shaft serving the ends now served by a pole used jointly by the Boston Elevated and the Edison Electric Light Co.

It is to be an ornament to the city. The latest sanitary device will be employed to guard against the possibility of spreading any infectious disease.

F. H. R.

"Blessed are the merciful."

CALVES AND INTERSTATE TRAFFIC IN BOB VEAL

Extract from Address of Dr. Francis H. Rowley at Annual Meeting of the American Humane Association, San Francisco, Cal.

The Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, so far as they have clearly appreciated their mission, have found, and for many years to come must find, their largest and their hardest task in protecting from unnecessary suffering the animals that are slaughtered for human food. This is evident not only from the fact that these animals in transit from the farm and ranch to the place of slaughter and at the slaughter-house itself are inevitably subjected to many cruelties, but also because they outnumber so greatly all the other creatures with which such societies are able to deal. The cruelties that are bound to accompany the transportation of live-stock, unless methods are devised that are prohibitive on account of cost, are familiar to all who have given the matter any thought. In the presence of the multitude of these animals that are annually sacrificed to meet the demands of men for food, the opportunities to serve the other members of the animal kingdom appear relatively small. The vast majority of persons who see the lame, or galled or ill-used horse, who note the stray and starving cat, or the homeless dog, and imagine that they are alive to the miseries that afflict the creatures below them, little realize, indeed almost never stop to think, that every day in the year in the United States nearly three million four-footed animals are traveling toward the slaughter-house, there to meet death under conditions often the most brutal and rarely without more or less of needless suffering.

Among all these millions of our food animals that on their way to death and in the death chamber bear a needless burden of pain, the experience of the past year and a half leads me to the conviction that calves are the worst sufferers. Relatively few swine and sheep are slaughtered before an age has been reached that so far at least approaches maturity as to render them able to stand transportation and rough handling with some measure of reserve strength. The calf, on the other hand, is, in the majority of instances, subjected to transportation now by rail, now in carts, now under the seat of some buyer's wagon, at an age when milk is the only food that it can take, when it must be fed often if it is not to know the pangs of hunger, and when too immature to be able to endure without extreme hardship the journey to the slaughter-house and the treatment it usually receives at the hands of those who are engaged in the calf traffic.

The high price of milk, and the desire of farmers and dairymen to get to the market every possible quart of it, has led to the practice of getting rid of the calf at the earliest moment it could be sold. The result has been that thousands of these poor creatures are bought up the day they are born and hurried away to market. From personal observation I know that train-loads of such calves, often from one day to four and five and six days old, have been shipped from one state into another, as well as within the same state, to be killed for food.

That such conditions as these just described exist to a greater or less degree in all our states I do not doubt. From such information as I have been able to gather, however, I can well imagine that they are more prevalent in the large dairy sections of the East.

Human nature is much the same whether you find it East or West. Men in the milk business will raise no needless calves. They know that if the offspring can be removed from its dam at birth that there is almost no worryment caused the cow by the removal, and that there will be just so much more milk for the market. Then there are always men ready to deal in these little calves, eager to make a dollar from the hides, and to turn the meat over to someone who can work it up into sausages or so-called canned chicken, even if it will not be allowed to be exposed for

sale in the butcher shops. That this business offers the same inducements in the most of our states I think quite probable; and as our states lie side by side with the border line scarcely distinguishable, that the interstate traffic is going on quite universally would also seem to be probable.

In the light of what has so far been said I want to ask you to consider the imperative duty of our animal societies to give the most earnest heed to this special feature of their legitimate work.

(1) Because this traffic is vitally related to the public health. The meat from the carcasses of immature calves, vast numbers of which are annually being put upon the market, sold largely to the poor and ignorant who feel compelled to buy the cheapest food, is, in the judgment of those best qualified to speak, injurious to health, sometimes causing serious illness and even death. The United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry, the Federal department in which is included the inspection of meat, says:

"'Bob veal,' or the flesh of immature calves, is objectionable on esthetic grounds and prohibitive from a hygienic standpoint. It is repulsive in appearance owing to the water-soaked condition of the flesh and fat. This condition is due partly to the abundance of water producing a dropsical condition of the connective tissue constituents, and partly to the presence of certain metabolic products in the tissues which are produced in the fetus as the result of tissue change or metabolism, and which are cleared away and carried off some time after birth owing to the purgative properties of the colostrum in the milk of the mother."

In Massachusetts, if you will pardon another reference to my own state, we could not have secured the law permitting our agents to enter all places where animals are being kept for transportation, or are being slaughtered, had it not been that we emphasized in the strongest way possible before the legislature the relation of this whole question to the public health. Thousands of people who did not care particularly for the poor calves were vitally concerned when they realized that the health of the community was endangered. It was the lever by which we pried up the door of the cattle-pen and the slaughter-house and so found entrance that no longer can be denied us.

(2) In the second place we need to give this subject our serious consideration if we are ever going to secure either state or national legislation dealing adequately with this evil. The Federal government, which has charge of the inspection of all meat that passes from one state into another, demands that the flesh of no calf shall be passed by its inspectors as fit for food, if, in the judgment of the inspector, it is less than three weeks old when killed. Within the several states where effort has been made to deal with the real question as it concerns local consumption, there are ordinances of cities and towns passed in the interest of the public health under which we can act to curtail the commerce in these young calves quite materially. But a good state law designed to control this traffic in immature calves and for some department like a cattle bureau or a state board of health to enforce is the best thing, in my opinion, to seek. Not a great deal of such legislation seems ever to have been obtained.

It has been difficult to ascertain in many instances the law of those states that have secured statutes with regard to the age at which a calf may be killed for food because often the regulation may be contained in an act almost undiscoverable from any mention of it in an index. But searching under such headings as meat inspection, powers of boards of health, cattle, calves, veal, etc., it appears that out of the

forty-six states only seventeen have passed any legislation upon the subject. Colorado, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, Idaho, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Nevada, Montana and Arizona have a law which provides that no calf shall be killed for food unless at the time of slaughter it is four weeks old. Here and there a state, like Pennsylvania, has turned the whole matter over to a department of the commonwealth, for example, to the Livestock Sanitary Board, the regulations of which are virtually state law. In other instances, as in California, it has been left for city and town ordinances to determine at what age a calf may be killed for food. In such states or cities as prescribe an age limit under which a calf may not be slaughtered for food purposes it will not be difficult for our societies to prevent no small part of the cruelty now inflicted upon calves through the traffic in them before they are old enough to make it lawful to expose their flesh for sale.

As to the law governing the shipment of calves, there has been almost no specific legislation, the societies having to work only under the general statute with reference to cruelty in transportation. Illinois and Michigan have taken steps in this direction, but so far have not attained their object. New York state requires, as has been stated, that no calf under four weeks of age shall be shipped except to be raised, and when so shipped shall be crated, unless accompanied by its dam. Yet under this law tens of thousands have been shipped out of New York state into adjoining states in crates so small as to cause the calf much discomfort, and shipped to butchers for slaughter by calling the butchers dairymen on the bill of lading, and under the pretense that the calves were to be raised on a dairy-farm, when seller and buyer and railroad all knew the entire transaction was a most disreputable piece of fraud and lying.

This seems to be the conclusion to which we must come, either such state legislation as shall make it possible for our societies effectively to stop this traffic in immature calves with its accompanying cruelties that are beyond compute,—that shall stop it in the individual state and from one state to another, or else there must be a united effort whereby the national government shall deal with the matter through interstate regulations making all interstate traffic in bob veal unlawful. Of course now Federal authorities can condemn the flesh of calves shipped from one state to another, if in the judgment of its inspectors such calves were less than three weeks old when killed, but that does not prevent the shipment of thousands of such calves and the sufferings they endure while in transit to the places where at last the Federal inspectors may condemn them.

If I might venture to suggest a state law that would cover the situation it would be something like this:

An Act Relative to the Slaughter, Sale, and Transportation of Calves and the Carcasses of the same.

BE IT ENACTED, Etc.,

Section 1. No person, firm, or corporation or any officer or agent of such firm or corporation shall sell, offer for sale, or expose with intent to sell, any calf or the carcass of the same unless it is in a good healthy condition, or any calf, carcass of the same, or any part thereof, except the hide, unless it was, if killed, at least three weeks old at the time of killing and weighed when dressed at least sixty pounds. No person, firm, or corporation, or any officer or agent of such firm or corporation shall transport any calf or carcass of the same or any part thereof except the hide from or to any city, town, or village for the purpose of selling, offering or exposing the same for sale for food unless the calf is three weeks of age or, if killed, was three weeks of age at the time of killing, and weighed when dressed not less than sixty pounds. Any person, firm, or corporation, or any officer or agent of such firm or corporation exposing for sale, selling or shipping any calf, carcass of the same, or any

part thereof except the hide, shall be presumed to be so exposing, selling, or shipping the said calf, or carcass of the same, for food. Any person, firm, or corporation, or any agent or officer of such firm or corporation shipping to or from any part of the state any calf, if said calf is under three weeks of age, shall ship it in a crate unless said calf is accompanied by its dam, and the age of every such calf so shipped in a crate shall be certified to by the person, firm, or corporation or any officer or agent of such firm or corporation so shipping it.

Section 2. Any person, firm or corporation, or any officer of such firm or corporation violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of not more than one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for not more than six months.

In closing, a single word as to the method by which the calves that reach our slaughter-houses are killed. In reply to many letters covering a large part of the United States I have received the answer that, apart from those killed by the Hebrews who use only the knife, generally they are stunned. Far more largely than we think in a multitude of cases we know that this merciful custom does not exist. In thousands of our smaller slaughter-houses, as well as in many of the larger ones, they are simply jerked up by a hind leg, or their hind feet tied and hung over a hook, their throats cut, and there they are left to bleed to death. I have timed these death struggles which have lasted sometimes four and even five minutes.

There is scarcely a more imperative duty resting upon the animal societies of the United States than to join their efforts in a determined attempt to break up this cruel and disreputable traffic in immature calves, hundreds of thousands of which each year suffer unspeakable wrongs at the hands of men. This can be done the more easily as the peril to the public health will reinforce tremendously our argument. Scarcely a more imperative duty did I say? There is surely one far beyond this in importance: it is that our societies bestir themselves to the supreme duty of the hour—the securing of such legislation as shall demand that all cattle, sheep and swine within our borders that are killed for food or for any purpose whatever shall be humanely deprived of consciousness before the knife is used. The cruelties of the slaughter-houses of our land are, in volume, when compared with any other single form of cruelty against which we contend, as the crowding floods of Niagara are to the single torrent of the mountain gorge.



The first case, that of the poor, starved white horse came up in the court of a small country town toward the centre of the state. Our agents found this faithful old servant worn down to skin and bones, the victim of a pitiless master who gave him the hardest work and the least possible food. In twenty places on his body the skin was off and many raw sores bore additional witness to his wretched condition. Alas, the judge, for some unaccountable reason, refused to find the culprit guilty. As a rule the judges are with us. This man was not.

The second case is that of a horse that fell through the floor of an old stable. The owner, instead of seeking proper aid to raise the horse in a merciful manner, hitched a rope to his tail and with a pulley fastened to a beam above undertook to lift him in that way. The result was he pulled the tail completely out, tearing asunder bone and muscle. This man was fined \$200.

We shall not often share with you, kind reader, our more saddening and trying experiences in dealing with brutal men and suffering beasts, but if we do it now and then do not blame us too severely.

F. H. R.

When making your will remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

FORGIVE US

Forgive us, if we need forgiveness, for publishing in *Our Dumb Animals*, every page of which we would have attractive to our readers, these two sad, offending pictures. But, indignant reader, if so be that you are indignant, and are questioning our good sense and taste in showing you such things, it is often only by compelling some people to look, even for a single instant upon such dreadful sights as these that we can arouse their sympathy or move them to action. You are not of that class. These pictures sicken you. Do you ever stop to think that if you cannot bear to look at them what the poor animal suffered to whom it all meant, not a picture, but an awful reality? Once in a while we believe it will not hurt you to face just such horrors of neglect and cruelty as are represented here. They are specimens, one an exaggerated case it is true, but still examples of what we are constantly confronting in our efforts to punish man's inhumanity to his lowly brethren of the races below him.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

New Bands of Mercy With Names of Presidents

81434 No. 1 Elizabeth Boal	81466 Div. 5 Charlotte Corey Topsham, Me. Baptist Church	81499 Div. 4 Jane A. Smith	81536 I'll Try Band Minnette C. Beckwith	81574 Div. 3 Katherine L. Casey
81435 No. 2 Elizabeth Boal	81467 Primary Dept. Alice Dennett Free Baptist	81500 Div. 5 Sarah E. Peckham	81537 Helping Hand Augusta E. Schwab	81575 Div. 4 Beatrice E. Salisbury Greeley St. School "I Will Try"
81436 No. 3 Sadie Evers	81468 Primary Dept. D. D. Dunklee Sandwich, N. H.	81501 Div. 6 Mary C. Hazard	81538 Sunbeam Betsey E. Brown	81576 Div. 1 Helen A. Reynolds
81437 No. 4 Sadie Evers	81469 The Sandwich Rufus E. Garland Grafton, N. H.	81502 Div. 7 Mary T. Walsh	81539 Sunshine Mary A. Harris	81577 Div. 2 Katherine A. Riordan
81438 No. 5 Mrs. Hanny	81470 Dist. No. 13 W. Fred Tuttle Rockford, Mich. Public School	81503 Div. 8 Ora V. Hollen	81540 Kind Little Helpers Jessie M. Barton	81578 Div. 3 Elizabeth Goodwin
81439 No. 6 Lydia Wertz	81471 Div. 1 Ruth Mauterstock	81504 Div. 9 Edith M. Baker Manton Ave. Grammar Sch. Loyal Protectors	81541 Kind Little Helpers Ada Blinkhorn Calhoun Ave. School Golden Rule	81579 Div. 4 M. Lucia Heck
81440 No. 7 Ella Carroll	81472 Div. 2 Nella Van Uyven Hosford City, Mich. Howard City Pub. School	81505 Div. 1 Avis A. Hawkins	81542 Div. 1 Sadie E. Barrett	81580 Div. 5 Genevieve T. Barry
81441 No. 8 Kitty Spence Ferndale, Wash.	81473 Div. 1 Ralph Carpenter	81506 Div. 2 Katherine L. Gormley	81543 Div. 2 Agnes M. Dillon	81581 Div. 6 Gertrude M. Clark
81442 The Ferndale Beatrice Casebeer South Durham, Me. Friends Church S. S.	81474 Div. 2 Frances O'Donald Hastings, Mich. Hastings Public School	81507 Div. 3 Lillian A. Page	81544 Div. 3 Agnes T. Curran	81582 Div. 7 Eliza P. Hayes Elmwood Ave. School Earnest, Happy Workers
81443 Boys Class Gerald Frederic	81475 No. 1 Kathleen Acekey	81508 Div. 4 Alice M. Robinson	81545 Div. 4 Ester W. Tripp	81583 Div. 1 Marian F. Dunham
81444 Girls Class Mary Crockett Bath, Me. Beacon St. Church	81476 No. 2 Margery Reynolds	81509 Div. 5 Jennie E. Winsor	81546 Div. 5, Rm. 2 Annex Margaret H. Gannon	81584 Div. 2 Eliza J. Hopkins
81445 Boys Class Marshall MacDonald	81477 No. 3 Mr. Baker Bristol, Okla.	81510 Div. 6 Lillian B. Foss Friendship St. School Friendly	81547 Div. 6, Rm. 3 Annex Mary F. Curren Grove St. School Good Samaritan	81585 Div. 3 Amelia S. Cory
81446 Beginners Dept. Miss Rosie Rogers Lisbon Falls, Me.	81478 East Side E. D. Houze Wellfleet, Mass.	81511 Div. 1 Endora E. Joslin	81548 Div. 1 Margaret M. Colton	81586 Div. 4 Margaret Gray
81447 Lisbon Falls Pauline Schulz Lisbon, Me.	81479 Cong. S. S. Mrs. Anthony Freeman	81512 Div. 2 Mary C. Wheeler	81549 Div. 2 Jennie F. McKenna	81587 Div. 5 Emma W. Pierce
81448 Marr School Blanch Jones Plattsburgh, N. Y.	81480 Methodist S. S. Mr. Addison Baker Eastern Point, Groton, Conn.	81513 Div. 3 Charlotte M. Bradford	81550 Kind Helpers Mary M. Rowen	81588 Div. 6 Minnie S. Woodward State Home and School Golden Rule
81449 Plattsburgh, Div. 3 Miss Nora Livingston Oriskany, N. Y.	81481 Eastern Point Gilbert Vail	81514 Div. 4 Belle L. Lyons Hospital St. School "James E. Eddy"	81551 Willing Workers Ellen A. McGuirk	81589 Div. 1 Grace M. Ricker
81450 Faithful Edgar Dunning Grant, N. Y.	81482 Bristol Humane Workers Leo Walker Cambridge, Mass.	81515 Div. 1 Annie E. McCloy	81552 Good Samaritan, Div. 5 F. Maybelle Aslin	81590 Div. 2 Isabella J. Armstrong
81451 Pansy Mary M. Fenner Holden, Mass. Holden Centre School	81483 Riverside Press Geo. Henry Chick Schenectady, N. Y.	81516 Div. 2 May L. Young	81553 Div. 6 Margaret M. Colton	81591 Div. 3 I. Louise Brown
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Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
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A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Over three hundred new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy were formed during the past month, making a total of over eighty-two thousand with probably two and a half million members.

PENITENT

On shuttle wing the wary thrush
Flew in and out the sheltering bush
And wove her dimple nest.
There, tip-toed to my might—
Three creamy eggs in sight—
No need to tell the rest,
For I was then a child.

Full many a fateful year has flown,
Full many a sorrow come and gone,
But memory still recalls
The anguish of that bird,
Like spectral voices heard
In old deserted halls
When I was but a child.

And now, when'er I chance to see
In topmost branches of a tree
A bird has wisely built,
I pray it may prevent
Some guileless innocent
The pangs that I have felt—
A penitential child.

O, friends of joyous, happy birds!
In earnest, pathos-quicken words,
Teach children He who filled
The thrush's heart with song
Resents the cruel wrong
If one sweet voice be stilled,
E'en by a little child!

A TRIBUTE TO BLACK BEAUTY

The young poet who pours out his soul's love for "Black Beauty" below, has reached the extreme age of ten years. The son of one of our country's most celebrated lawyers and after-dinner speakers, he has also made his first post-prandial attempt. Called on in camp, recently, on the occasion of a birthday dinner celebration, he mounted a chair and began: "I want to thank you for the privilege of speaking," then disconcerted by the cheers, he hesitated a moment and concluded, "I think that's all." We have listened to a hundred after-dinner speeches that had in them not half so much wit or wisdom. We publish the contribution just as we received it. Many will recognize the familiar name that has added to it here, Junior:

For the American Humane Society in regard to the book, Black Beauty

My book of Black Beauty is old,
And yet otherwise it is bold;
I hope that book may be sold,
In quantities a million fold.

My book of Black Beauty is torn,
And yet otherwise it is now
As good as when it was born,
It's so nice that I cannot tell how.

SAMUEL JAMES ELDER, Junior.



A GENEROUS PROVIDER

For Our Dumb Animals

ST. JEROME AND THE LION

ST. JEROME had in himself and all his affairs such force and a vigor so native, accompanied by so wide and generous a heart, that with nothing else could all this be so well signified as by a lion. Hence the saint is always depicted with the lion as a natural emblem.

But there are other reasons for picturing the Holy Hermit with a lion. Mariano Monteiro relates the following:

One day as St. Jerome was conversing with his monks on the Sacred Scriptures, a ferocious lion, limping on three feet, holding up the fourth paw, as though in pain, entered the monastery. The brethren fled in all directions, but our holy father took the proffered paw between his hands and on carefully examining it, found that a long splinter had pierced it through. He gently drew it out and applied oil to the wound to relieve the pain. The royal beast became quite tame and showed no desire to leave.

Thereupon the saint consulted with his monks how best to employ their new guest so that he should not be idle.

It was decided to make the lion keep guard over the donkey which was employed there to haul wood from the forest. As this was not difficult, the lion easily fulfilled his duty.

One day while waiting for the donkey to return, the lion overslept himself. Syrian traders passing by just then and meeting the donkey alone, judged it had no owner and led it away to serve as a guide for their loaded camels.

Upon awakening the lion sought the ass everywhere and not finding it returned sad and crestfallen to the monastery. Seeing him return alone without his companion, the monks suspected that harassed by hunger, he had eaten up the little donkey. They treated him roughly, upbraided him, refused to give him his daily ration and told him to go back and finish what he had left of the donkey.

St. Jerome took pity on the lion in his disgrace and bade the monks give him his food and not ill-treat him. As a penance for his supposed wrong-doing he was made to bring the wood from the forest every day.

This he did with great meekness and patience,

for indeed it was a great humiliation for a lion to be used as a donkey.

One day after having performed his allotted task he sallied forth to the fields and saw the identical caravan of traders that had stolen the donkey pass by. Coming towards the caravan unperceived and uttering a terrific roar which resounded far and near he infused such fright and terror into the men that they fled leaving the loaded camels and ass in the fields.

The lion then joyfully led the donkey and the loaded camels to the monastery. The monks greatly marveled at this return and discovered that the lion was innocent of the charge imputed to him of having destroyed the poor ass.

Shortly after this the traders themselves appeared at the monastery. They asked pardon, and for the theft of the ass offered part of the oil they were bringing.

The saint freely forgave them and they departed. But the lion remained ever faithful, gentle and tame, and till his dying day never again overslept himself.

(RT. REV.) ABBOT CHARLES,
St. Leo, Florida.

Always write your name in kindness, love and mercy upon the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

CHALMERS.



THE FALL MIGRATIONS

I.

A rush of wings through the darkening night;
A sweep through the air in the distant height.

Far off we hear them, cry answering cry;
'Tis the voice of the birds as they southward fly.

From sea to sea, as if marking the time,
Comes the beat of wings from the long, dark line.

O strong, steady wing, with your rhythmic beat;
Flying from cold to the summer-time heat.

O keen glancing eye, that can see so far;
Do you guide your flight by the northern star?

II.

With gladness and freedom and music gone,
Another migration is passing on.

No long, dark lines o'er the face of the moon;
No dip of wings in the southern lagoon.

No sweet low twitter, nor welcoming song,
These are birds of silence that sweep along.

Lifeless and stiff, with the death mark on it,
This "Fall Migration" of hat and bonnet.

And the crowd goes by, with so few to care,
For this march of death of the fowls of the air.

MARY DRUMMOND.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for September, 1911

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All others, \$9.61.

Total, \$179.41.

Sales of publications, \$17.79.

Total, \$1,185.05.

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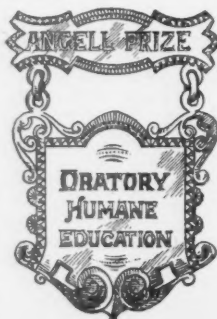
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